

Honolulu Boy Writes Of How Mainland Appears On First View

(Mail Special to the Bulletin)

OAKLAND, California, Aug. 6.—From Honolulu to San Francisco by way of Vancouver seems like going around Robin Hood's barn, but those who have had occasion to travel over this route are unanimous in their declaration of the worth of the trip and it is surprising in view of the beauties which are to be seen in the way of scenery, that not more than do choose this way of travel.

The Aorangi, which left Honolulu on the 22d of July, brought with her a number of island people who are adding their praises to the rest of the admiring tourists' valuable comments on the enchanting panorama which this route affords.

Of the incidents connected with the departure of the good ship from her moorings at Honolulu, the waterfront column of the Bulletin has already made mention, but a few of the incidents connected with the voyage may not come amiss to readers of this paper.

Passengers Salute Fleet

Through passengers on the Aorangi saw the battleships of the Fleet as they were illuminated previous to their departure for Australia, and these same passengers, together with those which joined them at Honolulu, saw the fleet on their way. We passed close enough to the Kearsarge to permit talking, and one of our passengers started up the song "She's the Grand Old Flag." Then calling for three cheers and a tiger for the Navy, a miniature pandemonium broke loose among the passengers assembled against the rail. The men on the Kearsarge waved their caps in answer to the salute, and signal flags were run up on the Aorangi, wishing the boys "bon voyage." Several of the passengers asked the captain to whistle a salute, but he explained that his ship had received instructions not to whistle when they passed the Fleet, as there was some danger of interfering with the signals to the battleships.

We dropped them out of sight and went down to dinner. And until we were but three days from Victoria that was the only meal of which "all hands" partook.

The crew protested that the sea could not be any smoother. On his daily rounds of inspection the captain pool-pooled those whom he found lying in their bunks, but to no avail—those that went down after the first meal stayed there a long time. The Aorangi carried but little freight and consequently she did not ride as easily as she might.

The steam steering gear got out of commission soon after leaving Honolulu, and the big ship was moved around for a day and a half by three men at the wheel.

Second-Cabin Concert

To relieve the monotony of the trip, those in the second cabin got up a concert to which all the passengers were invited. Some good talent was displayed and the collection which was taken up at the close of the evening amounted to nearly fifteen dollars. The collections taken that evening and on the following Sunday were for the benefit of the Seaman's Fund. The Aorangi last year held the second place in the list of ships which contributed to this fund and among the officers it is thought that, through the generosity of the passengers, their ship will hold first rank when the report is made this year.

After a continuous view of nothing but the sea, the advent of a ship on the horizon is a welcome sight. The Marama was reported sighted from the masthead one morning, and all

the rest of the day was spent in scanning the vast expanse for a view. Toward afternoon we all saw her and later on she passed us, her passengers just as eager to see us as we were to see them—more so, probably, as they had been out of sight of land longer than we. The usual games were played and these helped pass away otherwise dreary hours. The "Aorangi Argus," the ship's paper, made its appearance before we arrived in Victoria.

Land certainly looked good to us when, on the eighth day, we saw Cape Flattery. It was biting cold, but bundled up as well as was possible under the circumstances, we viewed the beautiful forests until we placed our gang-plank upon the Victoria wharf. The Quarantine doctor came aboard and granted us pratique outside of the harbor proper. It took until midnight to unload what little freight we had and the time was spent in sightseeing by night. It does not need much more time than that to see Victoria.

Vancouver to Victoria

The trip from Victoria to Vancouver is said by many to be the finest on the Coast. Certain it is that the Sound is the place where as lovely a view as ever one could wish for is to be seen. But the worst of it is that often it cannot be enjoyed as a heavy fog covers the little islands which dot the ocean.

The fog lifted enough in parts for us to satisfy ourselves that we had seen enough to corroborate the statements made by a number of our fellow-passengers who had traveled that way before, and, though none of us were loath to step again on terra firma, unless it was a young couple who during the last days of the trip had flirted enough for the whole ship—we had a certain lurking wish that we might be allowed to see just a little bit more.

Vancouver is quite a city. A number of beautiful stores flank the business streets, but for the greater part the residence section did not compare at all favorably with the houses in Honolulu. They are built very close together and have no yards.

Vancouver Newsboys

In Vancouver the newsboys are very much like their brothers in Honolulu, inasmuch as they do not carry the contents of their paper. They employ a sing-song tone when shouting out the names of the papers and add, "Lots of news." Occasionally one called out the edition of the paper and it certainly sounded queer to hear them yelling out a 5 o'clock edition at half-past 2.

Hotel rates in Vancouver are very reasonable. Extensive competition, I am told, accounts for it. Hotels face each other, flank each other, and back each other in Vancouver. They are all comfortable and nearly all are conducted on the American plan.

Border Customs

From Vancouver, after a two days' stay there, we left for Portland. Upon crossing the border line at Sumas, as the little town is called which marks the division of the United States from Canada, our train stopped and the United States customs men examined our trunks and baggage. The examination is a huge farce. It makes one mad after going through all the trouble of untying the knots of the rope which binds his trunk, to have a customs man merely lift a shirt off the top of the things in the trunk and mark your trunk "Passed." That's what they did to mine, and to a large number of Australians and Canadians who were on the same train, but the tables were

turned when they examined George Kenney's. Kenney was a bookkeeper of the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company on Maui going back to his ranch in California. He was sentenced to undergo a most minute examination, but he made the inspector ashamed of his ignorance before they were through. Kenney's associates on Maui had presented him with a silver loving-cup, and upon this the inspector wished to levy duty, as well as upon a koo taboret and some calabashes. Mr. Kenney very carefully explained to the ignorant wearing a uniform that as Hawaii was just as much a part of the United States as Washington was he could not see any reason for the levying of duty. Matters were straightened out amicably and Kenney's belongings were allowed to pass free, but he had to repack his trunk.

Too much cannot be said of the beauties of the ride from Sumas down. The wonderful waterfalls, the impressiveness of the grandeur of the forests, the rapidly growing towns which dot the route, the swiftness with which at times we sped over the rails all tend to make one confident that while Europe may be worth going over to look at, it certainly is the duty of every American to "see America first."

In New Country

Up in these little, and new, but rapidly growing, districts the houses with but few exceptions are unpainted. These regions are in the midst of dense forests and upon asking the reason for the lack of paint we were told that lumber being cheaper than paint the owners thought it just as well to let their houses go without it, and replace defective spots with new lumber.

Nearly all of these towns have their own weekly newspapers. Those which I got to see were above the average of the usual country newspaper from a typographical as well as from a literary viewpoint, although in one I still found that the bete noir of the country editor in his local column was: "Bet Simmons has purchased a new buggy. Better watch out, girls, and see who'll be the first lucky one."

Our ticket allowed stopover privileges anywhere we chose, so when we came to Seattle the lure of the tall buildings induced me to stay a day there. Seattle, like Vancouver, is a city where there are hotels galore, but the rates are not so low as they are in the latter city. Although an American city, the hotels for the greater part are conducted on the European plan.

Coming from Honolulu, where the largest building is larger than any other in the city, Seattle, with its skyscrapers built close to each other, made me stop and look. One particularly large one caused me to throw back my head considerably in order to see the roof. Lost in the contemplation of so large a mass of masonry, I was suddenly brought back to the sidewalk by the voice of a small newsboy shouting, "Geel! get on to de rubberneck!" That settled the sightseeing for me in the business districts, and I thereafter confined my "rubber-necking" to the residence portion of the town.

Only a few hours were spent in Portland and those were spent in scanning the papers in the hope of seeing some Honolulu news. Just as I was about giving up the search as a bad job, I noticed a little squib, a reprint from an island paper, which read: "In Honolulu, during Fleet week, the girls decorated the sailors' guns with wreaths. While they certainly dug up nobly for the flowers, the men of Honolulu have not yet

reconciled themselves to the fact that they have to pay a dollar for a shave in California."

Hardly what I was expecting to see, but as I had not seen the name Honolulu since reading the Victoria papers, even this much was good.

The rest of the trip, though not through so much beautiful scenery as that which we had left behind, was still, in spots, as beautiful as one could wish for—Mount Shasta, for instance. The train passes all around this mountain though not so very close, thus giving passengers a view from all four sides of this gigantic, snow-capped peak.

At Mount Shasta Springs we all disembarked and tasted of the Shasta mineral water flowing near the station.

On the train I met a few Honolulu people. I thought I had seen the last of Mr. Kenney when he left Seattle, but his train made poor connections, and we met again.

Mr. Brasch, of Whitney & Marsh, together with Mrs. Brasch, were on the train and shared their seats with me. They had been visiting friends and were on their way to Honolulu via San Francisco.

Joe Marsden, better known as "Mongoose Joe," was also on the same train. We talked over Hawaii and things Hawaiian for some little time. The heat was intense, and Marsden sat as near to the window as he could in the lounging-room of our Pullman, in order to take advantage of as much air as he could. Joe is as fat as ever, maybe a little fatter, though he denies it. As we were about to depart, I could not resist the temptation of saying, "The mongoose still lives in Honolulu, Mr. Marsden."

He turned upon me quickly. "The mongoose was the saving of the islands, sir," he said.

And finally we arrived at Oakland. The longer I stay here, the more I like the place. The people are almost as hospitable as the Hawaiians. They take up the stranger within their gates at a moment's notice and before he has been here long he feels as if he must have known the Oaklanders somewhere before coming here.

The newspapermen make a brother craftsman feel at home from the time they learn his name, and the courtesy which they show one is unequalled.

Just at present the weather has been quite cold and on the car yesterday I heard one man say that "it was winter already."

From a one-day visit in San Francisco, I was about ready to change my opinion of that city, and I am wondering if she has not been maligned. I had heard of daylight holdups, of the expert pickpockets who infested the streets, of gas-pipe thugs, and of all the rest of the raciality which made San Francisco notorious, and throughout my stay in that city—a stay of a day and a night—I kept thinking that before long I'd be minus a few of my personal belongings. But when I returned to Oakland and took stock I found I could account for all my money, my watch was safe, and the remainder of my jewelry was resting in its accustomed places. So I have come to the conclusion that San Francisco, like the ruler of a certain unpopular kingdom, is not as black as she is painted.

Trial jury panel containing 100 names drawn by Judge Lennon of Marin County for Mrs. Isabella Martin's trial.

Federal court knocks out Arkansas railroad rate law.

ATHLETIC HEROES VISITED ROOSEVELT



100 METERS FLAT RACE HEAT. J. PULLMAN (U.S.A.) 1st, J. D. LIGHTBODY (U.S.A.) 2nd.

OYSTER BAY, L. I., Aug. 31.—Just as ideal weather favored the Olympic heroes today when they paraded up Sagamore Hill and received the official welcome home by the President of the United States as on Saturday, when they were acclaimed with the cheers of thousands in New York City.

Each of the victorious athletes was introduced to the President by the American commissioner, James E. Sullivan. The President grasped their hands in an enthusiastic handshake and had a word of congratulation to say. The men plainly showed their pleasure at the high praise the President bestowed upon them.

It was almost 11 o'clock when the steamer bringing the men from New York was sighted. As the vessel passed the club house of the Seawanhauka-Corinthian Yacht Club a gun boomed a welcome. It was only a short time afterward that the entire party was landed and was marching in a body to Sagamore Hill. The President was waiting on the veranda and arose to greet them. The reception was soon in progress and the introduction of each of the men who contributed to the athletic glory won

for Americans at the London Olympic games followed in swift succession. The President's remarks were brief and to the point. The ceremonies occupied only a short time and then refreshments were served to the party. After the reception the party re-embarked for New York.

The President's remarks to the athletic team and the committee were as follows:

"Gentlemen:—I just want to say one word of greeting to you. I am sure you feel every one is proud of you. I don't want to speak in hyperbole, however, but I think it is the literal truth, Mr. Sullivan, to say that the feat that this team performed has never been duplicated in the history of athletics. I think it is the biggest feat that has ever been performed by any team of any nation, and I congratulate all of you. There is not a man on the team who does not deserve a half share in the total credit. It is not only the man who won the first, but it is every man on the team who did his duty, as they all did, who deserves his share of the credit.

"I congratulate you all and I thank

you all. I want to say, Mr. Sullivan, a word of special thanks and acknowledgment to you. Without you we could never have gotten together and sent over such a team, and our gratitude, gentlemen, is due, not to those who were so glad to see you come back victors—we have plenty of those—but to those who in any way contributed to send you abroad in such shape that you could be victorious. I think I could come pretty near passing a competitive examination on the records and feats of yours.

"Now that we are here we must not forget how proud we are of the American riflemen and revolver men. You know I believe in straight shooting for the battleships, for private citizens, either one."

John J. Flanagan, the weight-thrasher, and Melvin Sheppard, the runner, presented the President with their medals. Mr. Roosevelt protested that he could not accept, but it was explained to him that both Flanagan and Sheppard had others exactly like those which they were offering him, and thereupon he consented to keep them as souvenirs of the Olympiad of 1908.

MAIL NEWS REVIEWED IN TERSE PARAGRAPHS

New Catholic Church at Cotati will be dedicated with elaborate ceremony. Senator Dixon of Montana to direct speakers' bureau, with headquarters at Chicago, during coming campaign. Diaz may again be honored with Presidency of Mexico.

California State convention of Socialist party refuses to place on ticket as Presidential elector Countess Poniatowski, noted woman who has suffered much for the cause.

Runaway automobile dashes down Masonic avenue, San Francisco, and W. C. Johnson and wife and chauffeur are bruised, but escape serious injury, although car is wrecked.

News reaches San Francisco that Etienne Lanel, former Consul General in Berkeley after stroke of apoplexy. Friends of Stephen R. Thorne, who killed himself, fear deed was caused by money cares.

United States is indebted to Germany for the publication of the musical compositions of Albert Elkus.

Horatio N. Lloyd dies at his home in Berkeley after stroke of apoplexy.

Friends of Stephen R. Thorne, who killed himself, fear deed was caused by money cares.

FORTUNES MADE FROM BEES

UVAULT, Tex., Aug. 22.—The output of honey in Texas last year was 4,968,000 pounds, California came next, with an output of 3,667,000 pounds, and New York third, with an output of 3,422,000 pounds. Missouri was fourth, with an output of 3,918,929 pounds.

Texas also stands first in the number of colonies of bees, the number being 417,000. The honey crop of Texas brings an annual revenue of approximately \$500,000, the price for which it sells ranging from 8 to 10 cents a pound. In addition the beekeepers sell many thousand dollars' worth of bees each year. These colonies of bees are shipped to all parts of the United States and to foreign countries.

Prof. James H. Flint delivered address at house-warming of California Drug Clerks' Association.

Large crowd stands in fog all night in front of Alcazar theater to be on hand for opening of box office for season of David Warfield.

Secretary of Interior Garfield refuses to let Lake Eleanor be used by Hall's company because of San Francisco prior claim.

Basalt blocks will be used in repaving Kearny street, San Francisco.

Hortense Welburn, young California authoress, produces play.

Calaveras big trees are saved, only the "mother of the forest" being damaged.

"THREE WEEKS" TOO TORRID.

St. Louis, August 21.—James K. Hackett, the matinee idol, will not play "Three Weeks" at the Suburban Garden Theater here, as he announced. The piece as it stands, Hackett declared two weeks ago, was a little too torrid in spots for even a summer garden audience to stand. He insisted on the second and third acts being revised.

Mrs. Elinor Glyn, the manufacturer of that literary and dramatic tabasco, has decided that it takes more than twenty-one days to make "Three Weeks" as she thinks it should be made, a first-class article to tickle the palate of the public, and comes right back at "Jeems," by saying the piece is too classy for a summer garden audience—so there.

Corinthian yacht club directors turned down protest against the victory of the Ruby, which received the ocean race trophy.

Tommy Burns and Jack Johnson are reported to have been matched for a twenty-round battle at Melbourne for a \$25,000 purse.

Tubbs, Garby, Mumford and Wright survived the second round in the Del Monte golf handicap.

John R. Conway scored a sensational victory in 2:08 pace at state fair meeting.

Miss Officious won the Puget Sound handicap at two miles over a muddy track.

A sparring partner recently injured by Ketchel's blow may not recover.

America's champion athletes will strive for honors in a revival of the Olympic games at New York.

Smiley Corbett galloped a half mile in 46 4-5 in a race at The Meadows.

CAUGHT IN ODD MOMENTS.



She—Life is full of trials.
He—Thank Heaven!
She—Why do you say that?
He—I'm a lawyer.

Footlight—Do you think that music is of any practical benefit?
Hamlet—Judging from eminent musicians it keeps the hair from falling out!

She—Did the ladies take part in the last church fair?
He—No; they took all!

Manhattanite—Do you think stripes will remain popular this season?
Brooklynite—Not in banking circles, old pal!

Small Suitor—Will you tolerate my faults?
The Fair One—Oh, I would overlook them!